5: Grinnell Q,T-5 (ca.1888) 1962
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the run for the enemy's camp. They leave their food in camp, but carry their ropes slung over the shoulder and under the arm, whips stuck in belts, guns and blankets.

After they have crept up close to the lodges, the leader chooses certain men that have strong hearts, and takes them with him into the camp to cut loose the horses. The rest of the party remain outside the camp, and look about its outskirts, driving in any horses that may be feeding about, not tied up. Of those who have gone into the camp, some cut loose one horse, while others cut all that may be tied about a lodge. Some go only once into the camp, and some go twice to get the horses. When they have secured the horses, they drive them off a little way from the camp, at first going slowly, and then mount and ride off fast. Generally, they travel two nights and one day before sleeping.

This is the usual method of procedure of an ordinary expedition to capture horses, and I have given it very nearly in the language of the men who explained it to me.

In their hostile encounters, the Blackfeet have much that is common to many Plains tribes, and also some customs that are peculiar to themselves. Like most Indians, they are subject to sudden, apparently causeless, panics, while at other times they display a courage that is heroic. They are firm believers in luck, and will follow a leader who is fortunate in his expeditions into almost any danger. On the other hand, if the leader of a war party loses his young men, or any of them, the people in the camp think that he is unlucky, and does not know how to lead a war party. Young men will not follow him as a leader, and he is obliged to go as a servant or scout under another leader. He is likely never again to lead a war party, having learned to distrust his luck.

If a war party meets the enemy, and kills several of them, losing in the battle one of its own number, it is likely, as the phrase is, to "cover" the slain Blackfoot with all the

5: Grinnell Q,T-5 (ca.1888) 1962
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given in the earlier pages of this book, many of the attributes of the different animals are clearly set forth. 825 778

There were various powers and signs connected with these animals so held in high esteem by the Blackfeet, to which the people gave strict heed. Thus the raven has the power of giving people far sight. It was also useful in another way. Often, in going to war, a man would get a raven's skin and stuff the head and neck, and tie it to the hair of the head behind. If a man wearing such a skin got near the enemy without knowing it, the skin would give him warning by tapping him on the back of the head with its bill. Then he would know that the enemy was near, and would hide. If a raven flew over a lodge, or a number of lodges, and cried, and then was joined by other ravens, all flying over the camp and crying, it was a sure sign that during the day some one would come and tell the news from far off. The ravens often told the people that game was near, calling to the hunter and then flying a little way, and then coming back, and again calling and flying toward the game. 825 787 778

The wolves are the people's great friends; they travel with the wolves. If, as they are travelling along, they pass close to some wolves, these will bark at the people, talking to them. Some man will call to them, "No, I will not give you my body to eat, but I will give you the body of some one else, if you will go along with us." This applies both to wolves and coyotes. If a man goes away from the camp at night, and meets a coyote, and it barks at him, he goes back to the camp, and says to the people: "Look out now; be smart. A coyote barked at me to-night." Then the people look out, and are careful, for it is a sure sign that something bad is going to happen. Perhaps some one will be shot; perhaps the enemy will charge the camp.

If a person is hungry and sings a wolf song, he is likely to find food. Men going on a hunting trip sing these songs, which bring them good luck. 789 533 825 779

346 796 [575] *I-kun-uh'-kah-tsi*, the Braves, and the All Crazy Dogs approach. Each band sings four songs, and then they raise the lodge amid the shouting of the people. It is said that, in old times, all the bands of the *I-kun-uh'-kah-tsi* took part in this ceremony. For raising the centre post, which is very heavy, lodge poles are tied in pairs, with rawhide, so as to form [777] "shears," each pair being handled by two men. If one of [763] the ropes binding the shears breaks, the men who hold the pair are said to be unlucky; it is thought that they are soon to die. As soon as the centre post is up, the wall posts are erected, and the roof of poles put on, the whole structure being covered with brush. The door-way faces east or southeast, and the lodge is circular in shape, about forty feet in diameter, with walls about seven feet high.

Inside the Medicine Lodge, at the back, or west side, in the principal place in the lodge, is now built a little box-shaped house, about seven feet high, six feet long, and four wide. It is made of brush, so tightly woven that one [756] cannot see inside of it. This is built by a medicine man, the high priest of this ceremony, who, for four days, the duration of the ceremony, neither eats nor goes out of it in the daytime. The people come to him, two at a time, and he paints them with black, and makes for them an earnest prayer to the Sun, that they may have good health, long [821] lives, and good food and shelter. This man is supposed to have power over the rain. As rain would interfere with the ceremonies, he must stop it, if it threatens.

796 In the meantime, the sacred dried tongues have been placed in the Medicine Lodge. The next morning, the [782] Medicine Lodge woman leaves her own lodge, and, walking very slowly with bowed head, and praying at every step, she enters the Medicine Lodge, and, standing by the pile of tongues, she cuts up one of them and holds it toward heaven, offering it to the Sun; then she eats a part of it and buries the rest in the dirt, praying to the Ground Man, and calling

9: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1951) 1955 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

cine men there might have been as many as three or four who possessed the secret of the use of the designated medicine. Each in turn gave proof of his power by singing the songs of that medicine and the sleight-of-hand performance just described. In recent years, however, the horse dance has served primarily as a ceremony for curing sick humans.

Invitations to attend the horse dance were extended to recognized horse medicine men and to medicine pipe men who possessed horse medicine songs by presenting each with a feather from the leader's bundle (pl. 16, *A*, *a*). The person who requested the ceremony was responsible for delivery of the feathers. Before the leader handed the feathers to him for distribution he chewed some of his horse medicine and blew some of it on the feathers, then toward the messenger. Then he told him who was to receive each feather and reminded him that on presenting the feather he was to tell the recipient only the place and time of meeting. If a man failed to attend after receiving a feather, he must, on the next day, tie a rock to it and throw it into a lake or stream to avoid bad luck. The leader later added a new feather to the bundle to replace the one thus destroyed. Each man who attended the ceremony gave his feather to the leader as he entered the lodge. The leader returned the feathers to his bundle.

Wallace Night Gun claimed he observed the horse dance just as Wolf Calf, who taught it to him, had practiced it. As leader of the cult on the Blackfeet Reservation in Montana he kindly invited me to attend one of the ceremonies. The description of this ceremony that follows is based upon my own observations of the horse dance plus interpretations of the esoteric aspects of the ritual furnished by Wallace Night Gun a few days later.[88]

The horse dance was performed on that occasion in the combined living room and kitchen of the frame home of my interpreters, Reuben and Cecile Black Boy, in the Moccasin Flat section of Browning on the evening of March 29, 1943. Neither Reuben nor Cecile attended, stating that they were not cult members and hence did not think it proper that they should attend the ritual. Night Gun told me, however, there was no prohibition against nonmembers witnessing the ceremony, but children were excluded for fear they might later try to imitate some of the songs or gestures employed in the ritual. It was considered very bad luck to employ these songs or gestures outside their proper ceremonial context.

There were less than a dozen witnesses other than the participants. Among them was a young woman who had been in poor health all

[88] This description may be compared with Clark Wissler's short paragraph on the ceremony published in 1912 (Wissler, 1912 a, pp. 109–110). My informants said that Red Plume, Wissler's informant, was not a member of the horse medicine cult.

[See category 778, p. 358-O--Analyst]

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824

LUPINES

Lupinus spp.

Lupines (Fig. 21) called "wolf turnips" by the Blackfoot, were used as incense in the Ghost Dance. (This was not the rivivalist movement dance of recent times.) The ceremonialist who was sponsoring it chewed the leaves of a lupine before he undertook any face painting. He did so to reinforce his powers.

YELLOW ANGELICA

824
278

Angelica dawsonii S. Wats

This is probably the most interesting of all the plants of religious use. The root, a religious power medicine, was called sau-gas-sim, it was also used medicinally. There are three ways in which Angelica (Fig. 22) was [777] used: for luck in games of chance, for individual power by ceremonialists and diviners, and for collective power in designated societies. The [782] harvesting of the root was the same in all cases: those responsible for [285] gathering it would first pray; the root was dug while more prayers were sung; and the newly dug roots were tied to a circular piece of rawhide by means of a thong, which was laced through holes along the rim. The roots were kept there until needed.

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824
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For luck, the root was used in horse-racing and in the hand game. In the horse race, the root was tied in a small bundle and attached to the base of the tail or to the bridle. No other horse could pass the one carrying sau-gas-sim. In a variation of this casting of a spell so that other horses could not pass, the root was held in the rider's mouth. Short pieces were broken from the stem of sage (Artemisia ludoviciana) and a small, flat, white stone was collected. The man first sprayed the rock with juice from his mouth. Then the stems were placed on the ground; they represented the [801] other horses. The stone was sprayed again and shoved toward the stems, without touching them, three times. At the fourth shove the stone was pressed onto the stems.

(TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 43)

541 824 777 pressed onto the stems. Horses so cursed were sure to slacken in the race.

Another method made use of a quirt (or a rod). The sau-gas-sim was placed in the mouth, and the rider sprayed the quirt with the juice. This quirt was not used to whip the horse. When the race began, the rider would try to get on the right side of the other horses; he carried the magic quirt but whipped his horse with a regular one. At an opportune time the rider threw back the sprayed quirt, causing the other horses to fall behind.

Sometimes a man used a small, flat stone that had been sprayed with the root. When no one was looking it was thrown at the competing horse. That horse would trip, probably break a leg, and die; and its owner would be sick for days.

524 525 824 777 [825] For use in the hand game, the root was kept in the mouth. This would make the other players lazy, and they would lose continually. But if a man was suspected of using the power root, there was a defense against its influence. The loser went to his lodge (or to one nearby) and asked for a small piece of meat, which he combined with man-sage leaves. Carrying this charm in his pocket, he returned to the gambling place, where he walked abruptly among the participants and took the dice in his hands. Then he pretended to sing and perform with the dice---all the while secretly rubbing [827] them with the meat-and-sage mixture. After he handed back the dice the man who had been using the sau-gas-sim would get a headache and grow lazy, losing all he had won.

824 777 [782] [695] The power root was used by ceremonialists to bless others with long life and good luck. Vows were made with sau-gas-sim, ceremony called for spitting on the hands and touching the head, shoulders, chest and hips: that insured the validity of whatever was said thereafter.

000 We have been told that the power root was once included in the rites of

824
[281] Lomatium triternatum

Animal pelts which were used in bundles were stuffed with the fruits of this plant during the tanning process and that kept them from smelling.

[777] A porcupine foot was stuffed with the fruits and tied on a young girl's
[237] hair as a good luck charm.

Lonicera involucrata

[262] The bush was named "bear eats them" because the berries were considered inedible by humans.

Lygodesmia juncea

[294] The stems, rich in latex, were crushed, put in a storage bag and later
[281] used as foot pads in moccasins. Also, newly tanned buffalo hides were
[386] ochred red with a mixture of the stem and ochre which actually waterproofed the hide.

Mammillaria vivipara

[522] Jokes were played on people by placing this cactus under covers, etc.

Monarda fistulosa

[758] The dry flowerheads were used by invalids for sucking broth and soup.
[281] Women used the dry flowerheads to apply water to a green hide which made it easier to scrape the hide with even strokes.

Osmorhiza occidentalis

Pieces of the root were kept in quivers and clothing as a deodorant.
[294] The stems were combined with ochre and the mixture applied to robes.

Oxytropus sericea

524
824 Children made headdresses with the stems, lined up (alternating boys and girls) and danced single-file to different spots while singing this song in unison: "there's nothing behind my back". The seeds would rattle

I take pity on you and want to give you some of my Power." Then Otter took some sweetgrass and made incense on his altar. He told the young man to listen carefully as he sang a number of songs. The young man listened and learned these words: 539 773 532 [533]

Man, he says, my tipi is Powerful.
Woman, she says, my tipi is Powerful.
Rain is my Medicine.
My children, they hear me.
The Earth, below, it is Powerful.

Under water are our tipis.
My tipi, it is Powerful.
My smoking, it is Powerful.

Otter also taught the young man the sacred movements that go along with each song. He gave the young man an otter skin with many fine decorations and taught him how to make otter movements with the skin, and the songs to sing while doing so. He gave the young man a smoking pipe and a drum to use for the otter ceremony. He told him, "When you get back to the camps of your People, you must make all these sacred objects I have shown you, so as to carry on this ceremony properly. You must paint your tipi with the same designs you see on mine. You must make incense often to remind yourself of my holy Power. If you do all these things faithfully, then you may call on my Power whenever you wish." When the young man awoke, he returned to the Blackfoot camps and did as Otter had directed. From that first dream originated all the tipis that now have otter designs.

The sacred Bundle that goes along with an ordinary Otter Tipi (as well as most other painted tipis) contains one or more *Iniskims*—sacred buffalo stones. Iniskims are sacred helpers; they bring good luck. Iniskim songs are sung during the incense and prayer ceremonies. Most families had at least one in their household in the Old Days. 532 778 [777] [533]

[p.70-A]

horses tied close to them. And then I saw riders 726
going away from the camp, driving before them a
herd of horses. I awoke. Sun was nearing the 787
middle of the blue. I lay there until my helper [252]
came and called me, and then joined my companions, all of them up and broiling meat at a little smokeless fire. My helper gave me some meat, and, as I ate, I told my vision. All agreed with me that it was a good one; that its meaning was that we were to have good success and get many horses from an enemy camp somewhere ahead.

We heard a raven making its hoarse cry. It came from the north and rested upon a branch of a dead tree under which we were sitting. Again and again it gave its loud hoarse cries, looking down at us, and off to the south. My companions looked up at it, looked at me. As I was a sacred-pipe man, I sang the raven's song: "Wind, it is [793] my element, powerful is the wind." [533]

And then: "Buffalo I am looking for. I have [778] found them. I have found them upon the ground. The ground is my element. It is powerful." [The last words are from an Iniskim song; Iniskims were part of most war-pipe Bundles, but not sacred-Pipe Bundles.]

The raven listened to my singing, looked down at me, turning its head sideways, looking at me first with one eye, then the other, and when I had finished, it gave four cries, spread its wings, and went flying on to the south. That was another sign that we were to have good luck. We were impatient for the coming of night, so that we could go on southward. [777]

When the new day came, we arrived at the 726
north end of the Bad Mountains [Crazy Mountains], and stopped at the head of a small river, Bad River [Shields River], that flows down the west side of them, southward into Elk River [Yellowstone River]. Some time before the coming of the next day, we neared the junction of the two rivers, and saw fresh horse tracks in a dusty buffalo trail that we were following. That meant that we were probably near an enemy camp. The far

[p. 259-B]

726

walked alongside the riders. East of Magrath we made camp in a grove of willows and Calf Robe rustled up a two-year-old heifer for us to eat. We spent the day making dried meat over a small fire in the bush.

Calf Robe and I were sent up on a hill as scouts during that day, and we soon spotted a lone rider coming our way. He looked to us like a scout, so we went down to distract him from finding our camp. We told him that we were hunting antelope and had just seen a couple in a direction away from our camp. Since nobody in his right mind would walk so far out on the prairie—on foot!—to hunt antelope, the scout knew what we were up to. He said, "I hope you have a good warpath. Myself, I will go and see about those antelope." We hurried back down to our party and all packed up and headed east, in case the scout came back with Mounted Policemen. The next morning we did not stop until daylight.

Our second camp was made in the brushy part of a small coulee. Crazy Crow was the youngest [883] *member of our group. He was little more than a boy, so he was asked to go and rustle up some water. But he was afraid to go off by himself, so I volunteered to go. Crazy Crow had acted foolishly on the whole warpath, and we were all sorry that he had come with us. I found some water in* [415] *a little slough and carried it back in a water bag* [237] *that we had made by peeling the tripe from inside the stomach of the two-year-old heifer, leaving the outside part as the water bag. None of us overdid our drinking of that slough water from the stomach bag!*

The next night we traveled all night through rain and dampness. We went by the place where Bad Head was killed and we got as far as Writing-on-Stone by the next morning. We sent Prairie Chicken Old Man to scout around for police. They watched that place because they knew that [778] *any war parties in the area would go by that* [782] *sacred stone to pray and leave offerings. Since no police were in the area we made our camp by the* [777]

[p.290-A]

stone, for good luck. But we were not yet asleep when we heard sounds in the distance that made us reconsider our camping spot. In a heavy fog we moved on across the line, into the States. At a place called Greasewood we rustled up another beef and butchered it to dry the meat. We couldn't eat any part of it because it tasted like dried onions, so we packed up our things and moved on. The mounted men decided to go ahead at a faster pace to scout for enemy camps, while the two of us on foot would keep heading in the same direction.

We walked along until we accidentally came upon a sheepherder's camp along a small creek. No one was around and there was a fresh quarter of beef hanging from a tree. We cut some good pieces off the beef and raided the tent for a raincoat. Then we moved down the creek to a place where there was an old war lodge that I had stayed in during an earlier raid. To dry the meat, we made a great big smokey fire with green brush piled on top. We figured that any other raiding parties would think it was a white man's fire and not dare to come near for fear of being shot at. The rest of our party saw the smoke and showed up before long with no news of enemy camps. We stayed at that camp for the rest of the day.

Near dark we went on our way, following the same creek. We came to a place owned by a white rancher and decided to look around for horses. We left our stuff on one side of a nearby hill and quietly approached the place. There was a house and a large barn and a bunch of horses in a big corral. The other guys scouted around while I went into the barn to see if there was a saddle lying around. I had some matches with me—those old kind that sputter and burn with a blue flame. My second match lit up the barn so clearly I could see two men sound asleep in a stall. I beat it out of there in a hurry.

I went outside to the corral and was just getting my rope ready for a horse when a man came out of the house in his nightgown and shouted at

ferent cans of grub and really had a banquet. All we had been eating was dried meat. After we ate, we decided that it would be a good time to sing some songs and pray for success on the rest of the trip. This was a customary thing to do when nearing enemy camps on a war raid. 726 [262]

Each of us prayed and sang our special good-luck song. Young Pine started out by singing: "If we are married or single, a woman always waits for us when we go on a war party, and she makes us think about her while we are gone. She gives us a good-luck charm to carry and a song to sing." 726 533 [782] [777]

My own song had these words in it: "Last Gun, if I never see you again, I will do nothing but cry all day long."

Because we were far from our home, we all decided to add to our good luck by taking on new names that belonged to some relative of ours. I took my uncle's second name, Everyone Talks About. Young Pine took the name Fine Young Man. Calf Robe took his brother's name, One Spot. Crazy Crow took the name Looks-like-a-Coyote. Prairie Chicken Old Man took the name Many Mules. 727 553 [551]

We stayed in our victory camp all that night and decided to travel in the daytime. We saw a lone antelope some way ahead of us. I took a long shot at the animal and knocked it down. It tried to run but was wounded in one leg. Calf Robe chased it and killed it with a knife. We took the antelope up on a hill to eat and dry some of the meat. We had lots of tobacco from our recent raid, but we had no pipe to smoke it in. Young Pine was the only one who brought a pipe along, but he had left it at an earlier camp. We cut up one of the leg bones from the antelope and made a good stem out of it; then we made a bowl by shaping some clay and baking it in our fire. [224] [411] [276] [321] [323] [237]

The first horse we stole on this trip was a sorrel that belonged to some traders at a place called Wide-Leafed Bush, in the Missouri River Valley. Years before, these same traders killed one of my stepfather's earlier wives. She would have [602]

23: Wissler E-4,5 (1902-ca.1911) 1918
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796 Then the painted tongue is passed to the daughter. Now, each of the women tears off a bit of the tongue skin and all hold up the pieces and
[782] pray. After the prayers, the pieces are placed in the earth and the tongues are hung up to dry. First, the rope is taken up and a song sung. The woman who made the vow, rises and ties one end of the rope to the tipi pole on the north side and the other end to the tipi pole on the south side, a little to the west of the fireplace. All the tongues, both painted and unpainted, are hung on this rope.

[824] During all these ceremonies there is no regular smudge. The smudges are made with sweetgrass on the grass near the rear of the tipi. The tongues are left to hang for two days before they are taken down to be
[262] cooked. When the tongues have been hung, all return to their homes, the
[778] women taking the tongue skins with them for their relatives to eat, as
[777] they are considered to be blessed and supposed to bring good luck.

796 After two days, all meet again in the same tipi. The two women who
252 went for the water place the tripods over the fire and while songs are sung, the pot is passed to them with the red painted sticks. The two women, each holding one end of the stick, go for water, praying on the way. When they return to the tipi a smudge, over which they hold the bucket of water, is made between the door and the fireplace. Then the bucket is placed beside the smudge. While the others sing, the woman who made the vow rises and first takes the painted tongue and then the others from where they were hung. They are then placed on a buffalo hide and the woman returns to her place. Four women sit down near the tongues; each one takes a
[533] tongue, one of which is the painted one. Kneeling and swaying their bodies in time with the songs, they sing the buffalo songs. The painted tongue is placed in the kettle first and a song is sung: "When buffalo go to drink; it is powerful. Where buffalo sit is powerful (natojiwa)." Then the rest of the tongues are placed in the pot which is hooked on the tripod over the fire. Songs are sung and four sticks, about the length of the forearm, for stirring the tongues, are placed where the tongues were first placed. One of the cooks takes a pair of the sticks and stirs the tongues with them. When removing the tongues from the kettle they are held between two of these sticks.

796 Another song, called the song of rest is sung, and all rest for a time and
533 smoke. When the tongues are cooled, another song is sung, the two cooks rise, and taking the pot, place it over the smudge place near the door. To the singing of songs, the painted tongue first, and then the others, are
[262] taken out and placed on half a rawhide. The soup is poured into wooden
[415] bowls and distributed among those present. No tin cups must be used in drinking this soup. While all sing, the woman who made the vow rises

23: Wissler E-4,5 (1902-ca.1911) 1918
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stating that if brought home safely he will sacrifice a finger. This sacrifice can be made at any time; either when on the warpath or when at home in camp or at the sun dance. In such cases, the finger is offered to the sun in the precise manner as the pieces of skin described above.

There are, however, occasions upon which fingers are cut off that are not offerings to the sun. Thus, people who are in mourning sometimes sacrifice a finger. In those cases it is usual to call upon some old woman who is skilled in the amputation. She cuts off the finger, usually reciting a kind of ritual, but it is not offered to the sun. It is simply thrown away. Then again babies' fingers are sometimes cut off to give the child good luck. Thus, if a woman lost many children she would call upon an old woman to make the sacrifice for her newly born. In this case, the tip end of a finger is cut off and wrapped up in a piece of meat which the mother is required to swallow. This is supposed to insure the child's living to maturity. It had no connection with the sun.

I have told you how men are called upon to cut off pieces of skin and how certain old women were selected to amputate fingers. You should also know that in olden times there were some women and men who might be called upon to cut open dead persons for various reasons. Sometimes they did this on their own account in order to get information as to the cause of death.

These accounts show for one thing that the cutting ceremony in the sun dance is but one of a type of blood and flesh offerings made to the sun, in fulfillment of a vow. The sacrifice of a finger is more frequent and less specialized, though frequently done at the sun dance. Then comes the very frequent offering of bits of skin, a sacrifice common in war raids at all times. The offering of bits of skin in the precise manner described here is found elsewhere in the Plains. The writer has observed men so scarred among several divisions of the Dakota. The method of removing the skin was here the same as followed by the Blackfoot. The thrusting in of the awl has a curious similarity to the cutting and skewering in the sun dance; one may even be pardoned for wondering if it did not so arise.

Sun Dance Songs.

Two songs have a special place in the ceremony. They are sung by the men as they ride into camp with the willows for the hundred-willow sweathouse. They are sung again when the procession of pole raisers moves up to raise the sun pole. Formerly, they were sung by any considerable body of the tribe approaching the camp of strange Indians. Likewise, when they approached a post to open trade.[1]

Red-plume, a Piegan, has a smudge stick on which are notches said

[1] For musical notation see McClintock, Walter, *The Old North Trail, or Life, Legends and Religion of the Blackfoot Indians* (London, 1910), 311.

24: Schultz F-3 (1877-1947) 1980 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

294 [777] [531] Spear Woman had decided that her daughter should have a new gown of soft-tanned thin antelope skins, and there was much talk about the making of it. There should be, they decided, two suns of red, white, and yellow porcupine quillwork on the breast; a red quill butterfly—symbol of good dreams and good luck—high up on the back; and from the waist down, rows of elk tushes. Six antelope skins were needed for it, the mother said, and it was for Eagle Head and me to furnish them.

224 [462] [533] So was it that we four rode out from camp early one morning—Eagle Head and I to hunt, mother and daughter to gather choke-cherries. As we turned from the camp, heading up the valley of the Musselshell, Eagle Head broke out with the Defiance Song: "*Ahksi Kiwa! Ahksi Kiwa! Ahksi Kiwa!*" ("I care for nothing! I care for nothing! I care for nothing!").

777 533 224 "Eagle Head," exclaimed Spear Woman, "at once stop singing that bad-luck song else you will get us into trouble! For three days your uncle, Little Otter, sang it before he went out against that bad Cutthroat, White Dog, and he never returned. It is an unlucky song for this family. I forbid you to sing it."

"*Ha!* Just your woman's thought of it. It is a good song; it makes one feel brave," he replied, but sang it no more.

224 [291] [237] After riding up the valley five or six miles we turned east into a wide brushy coulee. Eagle Head, wearing a cap made of the upper skin and horns of a buck antelope head, was in the lead. As we neared the head of the coulee he motioned for us to stop and went on very slowly, rising often in his stirrups to get a view of the plain. Suddenly he ducked, slid from his horse, and beckoned us to join him. In a moment we were out of our saddles and beside him.

"Step out a little farther, look out through the brush and you will see them, a big band of antelope," he said.

Sure enough, well up on the slope of a ridge about a mile south of us was a band of a hundred or more, all lying down except three or four sentinel bucks keenly watching for the possible coming of enemies, wolves or men. Between them and us stretched a level plain, but close behind the ridge on which they were resting was a long coulee running down to the valley of the river.

Eagle Head spoke swiftly to his mother: "You and sister turn

24: Schultz F-3 (1877-1947) 1980 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

night. All seven of the Indians were dead out there on the plain, and not one of our rescuers had been killed.

So was it that I had a horse to ride homeward, in place of my fast buffalo runner that had been shot. We found Flying Woman right where we had left her, and gave her back her own horse to ride.

That evening our lodge was crowded with visitors to hear us tell of our day's experiences. At last, when all had gone and we were about to take our rest, Spear Woman said to Eagle Head: "My son, it was your singing of the Defiance Song that nearly caused the end for us today. Now you know that you should never sing it, the terrible, terrible bad-luck song."

"Yes, I sang it," he replied, "and what happened? Why, we killed eight Cutthroats, took eight guns and many other things. Mother, can't you see that it is the best of good-luck songs?"

And to that Spear Woman had no answer.

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another look at the herd of buffalo; they were about a mile from us and a half-mile from the valley, grazing slowly in to water.

Riding leisurely back down the slope and on up the valley, we twice more climbed to the rim of the plain to see how the herd was progressing and at last dismounted in some willows by the creek, right where the herd would come to water. When its leaders appeared we would get into our saddles, be ready to speed out and into it when it was close. Time passed. Again and again we exclaimed upon the slowness of their coming. At last we heard a sudden thundering of hoofs, and with it came the herd, compactly, a brown torrent of heaving, shaggy heads and humps pouring swiftly over the rim of the plain and down the slope of the valley.

"When I go to water I run," I sang as I sprang up onto my horse.

"Cease singing that sacred song of the buffalo bull, else you will bring us bad luck. You know that only our medicine men may sing it!" Eagle Head yelled to me.

The buffalo were coming so swiftly, so compactly, that it would be suicide for us to ride into them; our horses would be gored, we would be overthrown, trampled to death in the twinkling of an eye. So we fled across the creek, through the willows bordering it, and came to a stand. The leaders of the herd endeavored to stop at the creek, but the irresistible pressure of the dense mass of thirsty animals in their rear forced them across the stream, through the willows, and almost upon us. Since cows with calves were poor at that time of year, we each shot a yearling, and at the report of our rifles the whole herd affrightedly whirled around, crashed back through the willows, and turned down the valley, we after them, in among them; and what excitement—yes, and dangerous sport—it was! There was always the chance that one's horse would stumble and fall, or be gored by the sharp horns of an angry cow. That would be the end for the rider; he would be cut to pieces by the hoofs of the dense crowd of buffalo coming on in his rear.

I headed my excited, eager, well-trained horse after a two-year-old bull, broad and rounded of rump and therefore fat. With ears turned back and champing his teeth as though he were going to bite him,

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youth and said to him: "I have this for you from Fox Head and Short Bow. Said they: 'When your sacred bow-case was stolen, you promised that whoever could recover it should have it to give to Sun. So is it that we go to take it from the Cutthroat thief.' "

"No. They shall not go. It is for me to get it. Hurry back, you, and tell them so," Mad Wolf roared.

"Cannot tell them. They left last night, and with them fifteen of their friends," whimpered the youth, and fled.

"Gone. Sneaked away to go down there and make trouble for us," Mad Wolf groaned. And then to me: "Bird Chief, we must be quickly off, get to the Cutthroats' camp ahead of them."

But Lame Bull would not allow us to leave until he had gathered us in a sweat lodge and prayed long and earnestly for our safety and success in our dangerous undertaking. That our rivals, the Fox Head–Short Bow party, had hurried off without the sacred bath meant bad luck for them, our wise ones said. As it was, we set out at noon. Rightly we should have waited until night to leave, for well we knew that large war parties from enemy tribes were roaming the country, and to be discovered by one of them might mean our end.

Mink Woman had told us that, when finished trading at down-river Big House, the Cutthroats would summer hunt along the lower reaches of Milk River. So, after five days of travel down the valley of the Missouri, at the mouth of Cow Creek we turned off northeastward to pass the east end of the Wolf Mountains, strike Milk River, and follow it down until we should sight the enemy camp.

The afternoon was hot and we were tired, for we had been traveling day and night with but short intervals of rest—constantly urged on by Mad Wolf, fearful that the rival party might still be ahead of us. We were now in very dangerous country, for the Wolf Mountains were favorite lookout points for enemy war parties seeking camps of our Blackfoot tribes to raid them. As we neared the east end of the mountains (now named the Little Rockies), the plain ahead was black spotted with herds of buffalo. Bad for us as we would unavoidably frighten some of them, start them to running, and so be discovered by any enemies that might be looking down from the heights beyond.

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cessful, to survive the wiles, the bullets, and the arrows of his enemies, he should always go alone against them.

There follows his tale of his last and greatest adventure, as he often told it in the long-ago:

It was Running Wolf who came hurrying into my lodge that morning and said that a war party had made off with some of our horses during the night. They had taken his swift black-and-white-spotted horses that he had tied before the doorway of his lodge. I went out with him, with the others who were camped above us, and we found that forty-one of our horses had been stolen. We found, too, the defiance of us by the stealers: their coupstick set upright in the ground behind Running Wolf's lodge, the piece of deer leather tied to it, painted with a black bird. *Ha!* The war party were Crows!

Returning to my lodge, I told my women to put into my war sack several pairs of moccasins, some pemmican, my little sacks of sacred paint, and to build a sweat lodge. Late in the day Red Eagle, powerful sacred man, owner of the Sun-favored Thunder Pipe, went into the sweat lodge with me, and, thrusting out our blankets, we sat naked within it. The women rolled in the rocks that they had heated red; we poked them into the little center pit we had dug, and, dipping a buffalo tail in a bowl of water, Red Eagle sprinkled them with it. As steam filled the lodge, and we perspired, he prayed Sun, Moon, and Morning Star to keep me safe from all dangers along the way that I was to go and to give me success in my raid upon the Crows. I prayed too, and we smoked as we sang Sun's songs and the songs of the Thunder Pipe. It was dusk when we reached outside for our blankets, and, wrapped in them, ran to the creek and plunged into its cold water; then we went home to dress.

Sad-faced and silent, my women set hot food before me. "Don't you dare cry, for that would bring me bad luck," I told them. "Be cheerful; laugh; sing; count the days of my absence as you pray for me, and that will bring good luck to all of us." Came in Red Eagle and others for a short visit and smoke with me—one advising that I ride his fast horse, so that I could quickly go to the far Crow country. I replied that riding to war was too dangerous. A horse, though well

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726 777 [714] [411] [533] hidden in the timber during the day, was likely to be discovered by enemies, who would then look for its rider. Well, my visitors soon left. I slung to my sides my war sack and sacred, slender-cased, war bonnet, took my rifle, and started off upon the long, southward trail that I was to follow—my women, as I had ordered, singing the Wolf Song, good-luck song for the hunter, the warrior, as I left them.

721 [50] [481] Day was near when I arrived at *Osaks Ituktai* (Backfat Creek, Dupuyer Creek) and went into hiding in its brush for the day. Three mornings later I came to where Bear River joins Big River (Marias and Missouri rivers), and there, needing meat, I killed a deer. In the evening I built a small raft to keep my belongings dry, and, swimming and pushing it, crossed to Big River's south shore. I was then two nights in making Yellow (Judith) River, right where we Pikunis had [136] camped and hunted four winters back. And sad were my thoughts; then there had been plenty of buffalo on the plains, plenty of deer 648 and elk in the mountains. How happy we all had been there until some white soldiers arrived and said that they were come to move us [131] back to our own country, to our agency on Badger Creek. Our chiefs told the soldier chief that we were, right there, in our own country; that twenty-five winters back, at the mouth of Yellow River, we had made a treaty with some of Our Grandfather's men, and they had put into writing the fact that from Elk (Yellowstone) River north to the Red Coats' country and from the summit of the Backbone (Rocky Mountains) between them and east to the mouth of Little (Milk) River was the country of us Blackfoot tribes. But the soldier chief said that our chiefs were wrong; that, many winters back, Our Grandfather had ordered that all of the country from Elk River north to Bear River was the country of the whites, and that we would have to pack up at once and return to our agency. So that we had to do, because we could not fight the many white soldiers who would attack us, kill off our women and children if [73] we refused to go. So was it that we never again had buffalo; so was 136 it that, for lack of them, many of our people died. And now there 178 were no more buffalo; the whites had killed them all off. Close above where I lay hidden in the Yellow River brush were some white men's

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houses, and where once our buffalo had grazed, now grazed his white horns (cattle). Is it any wonder that I felt sad?

Two mornings on from Yellow River, I arrived at the foot of Black Mountain, that lone, bare, black lift of rock at the head of It-Crushed-Them-Creek (Armell Creek) and climbed it for my rest and sleep. It had ever been a lookout place of war parties. Upon its summit was a circle of rocks, piled breast-high by some long-ago war party for shelter from the winds. I got into it, sat, and, happening to look down, found an arrow point of shiny black stone, there lost or given to the gods, perhaps, by some warrior of the very long-ago. I put it in my pouch. My finding of it, I thought, was a sign of good luck ahead for me. Once before I had rested in this rocks circle with a war party led by Heavy Runner—I his servant, learning the ways of the warrior. Then north to Big River, west to Yellow River, east to Other-Side Bear River (the Musselshell), and beyond them as far as we could see were countless herds of buffalo and antelope. And now what did I see as I looked down on It-Crushed-Them Creek? White men's houses; white horns and sheep grazing where once our own food animals had grazed. I must not think of all the wrongs we had suffered from the whites, I thought. It is now for me to do successfully this that I have set out to do. I prayed to the Above Ones, to my own secret helper, and slept.

On the following morning, just before Sun appeared, I went into hiding in the timber of Other-Side Bear River, right where, five winters back, thirty lodges of us Pikunis had camped and hunted buffalo. We had come there from the big camp of our people at Raven Quiver's (Joseph Kipp's) trading post on Yellow River. Soon having all of the meat and hides that our pack horses could carry, we set out to return there and that evening camped on It-Crushed-Them Creek. On the following day, when we were nearing Yellow River, Cold Maker brought upon us a terrible storm, and before we could arrive there two of our women and a boy froze to death. I was thinking about it as I lay down to rest. I slept and had a vision: Appeared my sacred-animal helper and said to me: "This was a bad-luck camping place for your people; some of them died upon their

way back from here. It may cause bad luck to you." *Ha!* Right then I awoke, but what I had been told was enough. I moved on up the valley and lay down in some berry brush upon its west rim. And none too soon. When climbing up there I had frightened a small herd of white horns, and they had run off up the valley. And now came three white men riding down it to learn what it was that had caused them to run. Well I knew what they would have tried to do had they come upon me in the open. They disappeared in the bend of the valley below but after a time came back up, riding in the timber bordering the river, still looking for the cause of their white horns' alarm. And then I saw them no more.

On my third night after leaving Other-Side Bear River, I traveled as fast as I could go, hoping to reach Elk River and hide in its timber before daybreak, for the Crows might be camped right where I would strike it. As the sky in the east began to whiten, I walked still faster; ran at times. But day came, and the breaks of the river were still well ahead of me; Sun would be up in the blue before I could get down into its valley. I had been running but stopped to get my wind, consider what to do. To lie on the plain all day, and without water, would be painful; even then I was very thirsty. I said to myself, I must go on to water. I must risk being discovered by some enemy, early traveling out on the plain. So I went on—walking fast, then more and more slowly as I had stronger and stronger feeling that I should not try to get to the river. It was my sacred helper, I believed, warning me of danger. But I was so thirsty; would be still more thirsty. I stopped; my dry throat urged me to keep on. But my secret warning of danger was compelling. Though I all but choke from want of water, I will not go on, I at last decided, and sat down in some sagebrush, filled and lighted my pipe; with prayer, wafted smoke up toward the Above Ones and down toward Mother Earth. *Ha!* I had not quite finished the smoke when two riders came out upon the plain from the river breaks, and I saw that they were Indians. They rode eastward, now at a trot, again at a walk, often turning in to look at the heads of the coulees. This was Crow country; doubtless they were Crows, looking for their horses that had strayed off in the night. After a time one of them, well in the lead, signed to

that you have come to smoke with us Crows. Now, tell us, who are you?"

Signed my father, "We are Pikunis." Then said to me, as it is bad luck for men to speak their own names: "Son, tell them who I am."

Tremblingly I complied. "He is my father. His name, it is Bear Chief. He is a Pikuni chief," I signed.

"Good," the Crow leader signed. And then: "You are Bear Chief, Pikuni chief. I am Painted Shield, Crow chief. So now we will sit and smoke together and have a good talk."

With that he pointed to the near top of a small ridge that the wind had blown bare of snow. We went there, sat down in a circle, and Painted Shield had one of the men fill and light a big pipe to be smoked in turn by all. As it came to my father I felt better and said to him: "You smoke the peace pipe with them, so is it that we are safe. They will not harm us in any way."

"With any other enemy war party that would be true. But the Crows are different. They are liars. A peace smoke means nothing to them. Son, I have to be very wise else this will be the end for us," my father answered, and again I was full of fear.

As the pipe went the round of our circle, was smoked out, refilled, and started on another round of us, my father and the Crow chief sign-talked to one another. Painted Shield said that he was leading his party to cross the Backbone and raid the horse herds of the west-side people; my father, in turn, said that we were on our way from our camp on Milk River to visit in the camp of the Pikuni chief, Calf Looking, on Point-of-Rocks River. Hearing him say that, how surprised I felt. Almost I cried out to him about it but held back in time, well knowing that whatever he said or did he would have good reason for it.

And then, at last, my father signed to Painted Shield: "My friend, see, Cold Maker is coming down from the north with more cold wind and snow. Best that you and your friends go with me to Calf Looking's camp and rest. Eat plenty, sleep in the warm lodges, and so in the morning be strong to go on your way."

All of the Crows looked to the north. True, Cold Maker was coming, hidden in a black cloud low down upon the plain. Signed Painted

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Bison Skulls on Chief Mountain

At the time I was camped at St. Mary lakes with George Bird Grinnell, and when the climbers returned and told of their find of the skulls on top of the mountain, I determined to learn if possible who the men were that had carried them there, and what had been the result of their fasts. I felt sure that *Ahko Pitsu*, my close friend and a notable historian of the three Blackfoot tribes, would have the answers for me. Come winter, I would ask him about it.

In our cabin on Two Medicine Lodges River, *Ahko Pitsu* ("Returns-with-Plenty") was a frequent visitor. So one evening after my wife, Fine Shield Woman, had served us a good meal of beef stew, bread, and coffee, and we were enjoying a smoke of *Pherbe* and tobacco in front of our fire, I mentioned the climb of the two white men led by Comes-with-Rattles, how they had found three buffalo skulls on top of Chief Mountain and were wondering how they got there. Two of the skulls were so very old that the black sheaths of their horns had been worn away by winds and storms, and the sheaths of the other horns had turned from black to yellowish white.

"Long, long ago, one of those skulls was taken up there," *Ahko Pitsu* said. "Strange you should ask me about it now. Last night I had a dream, and in it my old friend *Miah* came to me. That is all I remember of my dream. I have been thinking about *Miah* (obsolete word) all day. He was my close friend and adviser in my youthful days. No doubt you remember him. He died in that last summer that many of us Pikunis were camping at Raven Quiver's trading house on Bear River."

"Yes, I remember *Miah*. Tell me something about him, about his stories of his youthful adventures. I remember he was a very old man when he died."

He drew several lengthy, satisfied whiffs from the pipe which I had filled for him and said: "Now. I begin."

This is the story he told:

Never was there a man of our tribes who endured so much bad luck as he did for many winters. Then, because of a vision he obtained upon the top of Chief Mountain, with a buffalo skull that he

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carried up there for a pillow, he thereafter had great success in all of his undertakings.

Miah told of finding two buffalo skulls when he arrived at the top of Chief Mountain. One of them, he said, had been the fasting pillow of that powerful, long-ago warrior, Eagle Head; but none knew who had carried the other skull up there. He had been, of course, some very, very long-ago warrior of our people.

Miah in his old age loved to tell of his many terrible experiences, how he failed in everything that he attempted to do, and how, at last, he obtained the power to overcome his continuous bad luck. I well remember the last time I heard him tell of it. A number of us were gathered in Heavy Runner's lodge, *Miah* one of our circle, and Heavy Runner, who had just returned with some of his friends from an unsuccessful raid upon the herds of the Cutthroats, was telling of their bad luck.

Said *Miah*, when Heavy Runner had finished his sorrowful tale: "Friend, your bad luck was as nothing compared with the continuous failures of my undertakings for many winters, the last one worst of all. I had become so talked about for my failures in all that I did that the leaders of our war parties would not let me join them from fear that I would cause them trouble. My closest friends would not go hunting with me. Even my two wives ceased liking me. They did not smile when I was with them. Silently, cold eyed with set lips, they cared for our lodge, placed food before me. Oh, how unhappy, how sad I was.

"At last on a day of early summer I said to my wives: 'At once make for me two pairs of moccasins, plain ones. Put them, an awl, sinew thread, sacred paint, flint and steel, some pemmican in my war sack. I am going to try to take Cutthroat scalps and horses.'

"Said my sits-beside-me-wife, Mink Woman: 'What a thoughtless one you are, leaving us with barely enough meat for two more days. Before starting off to war, you bring in the meat of a fat buffalo cow for us to cut up and dry for future use.'

" 'Should I go hunting, my horse would probably stumble, fall, and kill or cripple me. I leave it to your brothers to keep you supplied

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with meat,' I answered, and tearfully, with never another word to me, they set about their work. 721 154

"I did not ask a sacred-pipe man to give me a going-away sweat-lodge bath. No use of that. Time and time again they had done it for me, and always had Sun and his Above Ones failed to heed their fervent prayers for my success against the enemy. [515] [782]

"Night came. Silently my wives watched me sling on my war sack and my shield, take up my gun, and leave them. We were camped, our whole tribe of Pikuni Blackfeet, where Bear (Marias) River joins Big (Missouri) River. Taking up onto the plain, I traveled on eastward, heading the long, deep, and timbered coulees running down into Big River. Old Woman (Night Red Light) came up big and round. The Seven Persons (constellation Ursa Major) were brightly shining and turning in the northern sky, marking the passing of the night. [714] [805] [821]

"Well, one did not need to pray to them for help, I thought. Different from Sun and the other Above Ones, there they were, always helpful when not cloud hidden, plainly telling how long it was since night had come and how far off was the coming of a new day. I was feeling so sad that I had to force myself to walk. What was the trouble with me, what had I done that the Above Ones had failed to hear my prayers to them for success against the enemy, for success in all my activities? They heeded the prayers and the offerings of other men, helped them to be successful in their raids upon our enemies, to become rich from their takings of enemy horses. In all I had been upon eleven raids against the Crows, Cutthroats, Parted Hairs (Sioux), and other enemies, and never yet had I taken an enemy scalp, or even an enemy horse. No wonder that our warriors and hunters shunned me, that my wives lived with me only because they had to. Well, upon this, my twelfth war trail, I would make a successful raid upon the enemy, or die trying, I said to myself, and with that went on more forcefully. [782]

"Herds of buffalo, bands of antelope fled as I approached them. Wolves and coyotes howled and shrilly yelped. A kit fox began following me and I was pleased, thinking it might be a sign of coming 787 777 825 721 154

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787 good luck. I turned about and stopped. It stopped, sat on its haunches,
777 and I spoke to it. '*Sinopah*,' I said, 'you, your whole kind are wise.
825 When you are hungry you never fail to catch and kill food, birds
721 and the various small animals; and you all are runners so swift that
154 you always escape from your many enemies who try to kill you.
Sinopah, pity me. Ask your far-back ancestors' shadows (spirits, souls), they who lived in that long-ago time when all of the various animals and men spoke together, to pity me, help me to be successful in my undertakings. Keep on following me, *Sinopah*, and I will do something for you. I shall presently kill an animal of some kind, and you shall have all that you can eat of it.'

"With that I went on, and seeing that *Sinopah* still followed me I was more than ever pleased. He is going to help me, give me of his power, I thought.

721 "I felt stronger, walked faster, on and on along the rim of the
154 plain, often looking up at the Seven Persons constantly turning in
787 the northern sky. At last they gave me to know that the new day
777 was near. The eastern sky began to whiten, then to redden. *Sinopah*
[805] was still following me. Oh, what a good-luck sign. *Haiya!* Just as
[821] Sun was coming up I heard a sudden tearing sound like that of a dead, loose-barked tree in fierce wind, and looking back, I saw a big eagle swoop down upon *Sinopah* and with one claw in the back of his neck, the other in his loin, rise and fly off with him, *Sinopah* shrilly crying. *Haiya! Haiya!* Even he, his kind, wise and swift though they were, had enemies still more wise and swift, big birds that seized and carried them off for food for their young. Gone my hope for help from *Sinopah*. Sad, feeling weak, I turned off the plain, sped down the long slope to Big River, and drank thirstily of its muddy water.

721 "I was hungry. My pemmican was for a time when I would be
154 close to an enemy camp. Some whitetail deer came to the shore to drink. Should I shoot one, enemies somewhere about might hear the boom of my gun and come searching for me. But I must take that risk. I killed a yearling doe, built a fire, broiled and ate my fill of its meat, broiled more, enough to last several days, then crept into thick brush and slept until night came again.

"Again I took up onto the plain and traveled eastward, heading

A, [i.e., Ursa Major--Analyst]

of the butte as fast as I could go without making any noise, and in the lower edge of the timber forced my way into a thick growth of berry brush and sat down. I was sweating, breathing hard from my run. My heart was fast beating. For a long time I kept looking up at the way I had come, but the enemy did not appear, nor could I hear anything of them. Without doubt they did not know of my presence there on the butte. But for the excited, croaking ravens they would have come upon me, killed me as I slept. This, I felt, was a sign that my luck had turned, that my bad luck was ended. 'Oh, you Ravens,' I said. 'You saved me from those Parted Hairs. Give me of your power. Continue to help me. I will help you. Yes, I will leave always some of the meat of my killings for you and your raven kind to eat.'

"From Hairy Cap it had been my intention to go north to Little River and follow it down in quest of the camp of the Cutthroats. But now as I sat there on the slope of the butte I saw, well to the south from me, a herd of buffalo suddenly bunch up and then run swiftly toward the breaks of Big River. Soon appeared the cause of their flight: thirty or forty sitting-on-tops (horsemen) riding eastward, now at a trot, again at a lope—another homeward-bound war party, probably Cutthroats. I decided that, come night, I would take to their trail.

"I did so and three mornings later, from the edge of a grove on Big River, I discovered the enemy camp. It was in a big, open bottom where Little River joins Big River; and its three hundred and more lodges were set in a circle just above the mouth of Little River. *Ha!* At last I had come upon that which I sought. I was glad. Sun was just rising and already the people were building their early fires and stirring about, men turning loose their fast buffalo horses to graze, women going for water, for wood, children running hither and thither and happily yelling. And out from the camp, all over the big bottom, band after band of horses were grazing. How easy, come night, for me to drive off many of them. But no. Those common ones I did not want. For me, only the fast, valuable ones that the hunters and warriors tied before their lodges for better safety during the night.

they were when I told them that, at last, on my fourth night, I had obtained a powerful vision, that a certain water animal was to be my helper. 787 776 154

"Then my sits-beside-me-wife asked: 'Tell us, was it one of the long-bodied, short-legged fish eaters, or was it one of the smaller, fluffy-furred kind that eats both fish and birds?'

" 'Oh, you woman,' Talks-with-the-Buffalo yelled at her, 'Are you crazy that you would have him name his vision animal and so break the power that it has given him?' And he went on scolding her until she cried.

"Well, they half carried me down to the horse that they had brought for me to ride, and, oh, how I did drink of the water of the first spring that we came to. And then, in my lodge, how good it was to rest upon my soft couch and eat good meat, and smoke with the many friends who came in to visit with me. I told them about the powerful vision that the Above Ones had given me, there on top of sacred Chief Mountain, and then that great warrior, Three Bears, said that he was so sure of it that he wanted me to join a war party that he was about to lead against the Crows. *Ha!* How glad I was to know that he was sure that my bad-luck times were ended. How strong to go I felt. 787 154 [777]

"There were thirty in our party, Three Bears our leader, and Talks-with-the-Buffalo our sacred-pipe man. I carried a gun and a pistol that my brothers-in-law loaned me. Many nights we traveled southward, rafting across Big River, fording Yellow (Judith) River and Other-Side Bear (Musselshell) River, at last rafting across Elk (Yellowstone) River and following up Bighorn River. As with every war party, our sacred-pipe man rested and slept away from us, praying the Above Ones and his own sacred helper for a revealing vision of what was ahead of good or bad for us. 726 154 701 [782] [787]

"Came the evening of our second day of rest up in Bighorn River Valley, and when Talks-with-the-Buffalo joined us to eat the meat that I had broiled for him, he said that enemies were not far ahead of us, that we must proceed very cautiously for the Above Ones had given him a vision. In his sleep he had seen two parties of men fight- 787 726 154

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726 154 [787] ing one another and one of the parties had turned and run, the other party pursuing them. They had been far from him, but the pursuing party had appeared to have been of our own Pikuni tribe.

"So was it that all through the night we went on more watchfully than ever, and with the first faint white light of morning, went into hiding in the upper end of a grove on the west side of the valley, our leader sending two scouts to the top of its slope to watch any movements of enemies. As we ate some meat that we had broiled on the previous day, Talks-with-the-Buffalo said that he would not rest and sleep off by himself for he had the feeling that danger threat- [787] ened us, was near. Yes, and his vision had warned him of it. He was right.

"Sun was not halfway up in the blue when our scouts came running in, awakened us, and said that a war party of more than twenty men, afoot, was coming down the valley. We hurried to the upper end of the grove in which we had stopped, and, sure enough, there the enemy were, out in the open bottom and coming straight toward us. We stood still until they were within close gunshot of us, and then began shooting at them. A few fell. The others ran to the willows bordering the river, jumping from a cut bank down into them.

"We reloaded our guns, went to the cut bank, and, cautiously looking down from its rim, could see some of the enemy and were able to shoot more of them. At last we could see no living ones but were sure that a few, unhurt, remained there in hiding. So our leader divided us into two parties, one to start at the lower end of the willows, the other one at their upper end, and so go in and hunt for [782] the living. I was with the upper party. As we moved in, I, the one [776] of us closest to the river, kept praying, '*Haiya*, Sun! *Haiya*, Sun! [787] *Haiya*, you powerful water animal of my vision! Pity me. Keep me safe. Help me to make to cry these our enemies.'

"Suddenly there was shooting and yelling ahead of us, and then seven of the enemy came running and shooting at us. I shot down one of them; another one, tall and heavy bodied, turned and ran [727] for the river, I after him. He dropped his empty gun as he took to [777] the water. I dropped mine, swam, took after him, overtook him, and we slashed at one another with our knives. I stabbed him in the breast,

24: Schultz F-3 (1877-1947) 1980 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

in his heart, drew him ashore, scalped him, then scalped the other one I had killed. And then I knew, oh, I knew that my luck had turned, that my bad-luck times were over. And so said Talks-with-the-Buffalo and others.

"Thereafter all war leaders were eager for me to join their war parties, and after a time I myself became a leader and had great success against our enemies. As you all know, eleven enemies I have killed, and more than one hundred enemy horses, taken. All that because of my vision on top of Chief Mountain."

"And so, *Apikuni*, friend, you now know how and why two of the buffalo skulls on top of Chief Mountain were placed there. *Haiya!* How powerful, how they were helped by the Above Ones, our Pikuni warriors of the long-ago," ended my friend, Returns-with-Plenty, and signed me to fill another pipe.

horses we gathered before *Pinukwiim*'s lodge to sing, as was the custom of all war parties when ready to leave. From their father's lodge came Red Wolf and Lance Woman, and all eyes were at once upon her, for she wore the clothing and accouterments of a man: buckskin shirt and leggings, blue breechcloth, beaded moccasins, red blanket wrap, powder horn and ball pouch at her sides, sheath knife in her belt, light smoothbore gun in her hand. Red painted were her cheeks, and on her forehead, in blue paint, was a +, the symbol of Morning Star. At once several of the women around us began voicing disapproval of her costume, whereat *Pinukwiim* roared: "My friends, our young woman companion is dressed as I requested, for in woman's clothing she would be the one of us most wanted by our enemies. You all know that to them the capture of a fine young woman is more than the taking of many scalps."

In answer to that we heard on all sides shouts of approval: "Take courage, Lance Woman." "Perfectly clothed one, heed not the talk of these few jealous women."

"And now the Wolf Songs," *Pinukwiim* ordered, and we sang them with good will, for they were believed to bring good luck. Lastly we sang the Going-Away Song, very solemn, very slow, the burden of which was: "We go. But still the women will bear children; our tribe shall not end." With that we mounted our horses and were off. None of us spoke, and silent was the crowd watching our departure. Sun was setting as we passed the fort, its inmates gathered before it to see us pass and doubtless wondering as did we—myself, anyhow—how many of us would ever return. Fording the river just above the fort, we climbed up onto the plain and struck off southeast for Arrow Creek. Night came on clear, almost frosty. A full moon enabled us to see the herds of buffalo and bands of antelope that now and then fled from our approach. The howling of wolves and the muffled barking of coyotes were ever in our ears.

It was dawn when we turned down into the deep and narrow valley of Arrow Creek, killed a cow buffalo, took some of its meat, and unsaddled in a grove of cottonwoods. Over a fire of dry, all but smokeless wood, we broiled and ate our fill of the meat, Lance Woman broiling the tongue of the cow for *Pinukwiim*. Very happy

25: Ewers E,G-5 (1941-1951) 1963 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

Lazy Boy, my eldest Piegan informant (born ca. 1855), was not a pipemaker. But he described the making of pipestems as he had observed it in his youth:

> The Piegan preferred ash wood for pipestems. It is hard and has a pretty grain. We got it from the Crow and Sioux country, but not necessarily in trade. If we couldn't get ash we used willow from this section—silver berry willow or service berry willow. But the grain of these was not as pretty as ash.
>
> Ash of the straightest grain we could get was what we liked best. The wood was put in the sun to dry. Then, when half dry, it was heated over a fire and straightened until it was perfectly straight. The pipemaker then took a hot piece of wire about a yard long. He prayed that the wire would go straight through and not burn out at the side. He made three passes at the end of the stem. On the fourth pass he pushed the hot wire through the length of the stem. If the wire didn't go straight, but came out at the side, it meant bad luck for the pipemaker.
>
> After the hole was made, the pipestem was smoothed on the outside with sandrock. The stem often was wrapped in three places—in the center, and near each end—with brass wire. But stems wound with wire were not used in ceremonies.[11]

COMPARATIVE DATA ON PIPESTEM MAKING

The split, sinew-wrapped pipestem may have been an early Blackfoot type, but it certainly was not peculiar to those Indians. The Plains Cree made them of saskatoon berry shoots. "A suitable rod was split and longitudinal grooves cut down both halves. The two pieces were fitted together and bound with sinew. Aqueous matter from buffalo eyes was applied over the whole stem" (Mandelbaum, 1940, p. 216). Short pipestems were similarly made by the Eskimos of the Eastern Arctic (Manning, 1948, pp. 162–163).

Boring the stem hole in an ash pipestem by the hot wire method was a widespread custom among the Plains tribes. George Catlin seems to have been the first observer to mention it. Writing of the making of catlinite pipes, presumably by the Sioux, in the 1830's, Catlin stated:

> The stems are uniformly made of the stalk of the young ash, which generally grows straight, and has a small pith through the center, which is easily burned out with a hot wire or a piece of hard wood, by a much slower process. [Catlin, 1841, vol. 1, p. 235.]

CONCLUSIONS

The straight pipe is the oldest form of tobacco pipe bowl known to Blackfoot traditions. Its relative antiquity is attested by the facts that the straight pipe is the only form referred to in tribal mythology,

[11] A man's pipe illustrated by Wissler has a stem wrapped with brass wire as described above (Wissler, 1910, p. 83, fig. 48).

There are, however, one or two instances of wealthy men letting a child of theirs go to another family and several more instances where the families were of average wealth and quite able to care for their children. On one occasion, wealthy parents had had bad luck in raising children and let their latest child go to give him a chance of survival. For the same reason the son of a chief was adopted by a neighbor who was not a relative, who had no children and wanted one. In yet another instance the wife of a fairly wealthy man had twins, a boy and a girl, and the father's older brother adopted the son when he was about four months old. The two children, now over 20, do not yet know they are twins.

In one case where the mother had some property and was asked to allow the child to be adopted she deliberated a long time and finally said,

> "You have come to take my child away from me. But you must promise that you are going to look after the boy in every way. You know that the father died and there is no one to look after us. Now you can take the boy and I'll give you two horses, a gray and a gelding, both broken. I'll give you these horses so that you will look after the boy in every way."

She further added that if the child should be unhappy he must be brought back. In a few days he was returned to his mother and she said that they were to keep the horses, even though the child had come back. Apparently it is customary, in the few cases where property has been exchanged, not to return this if circumstances demand the return of the child.

BAND AFFILIATIONS

At one time the Blood were associated in bands, but when they settled down to sedentary life on the reserve, changes occurred and the functioning of the bands was disrupted. At the present time band association is a tenuous thing. Some of the younger people do not even know to which band they belong. However, most of the Blood are conscious that such a grouping does exist. Apparently band affiliations are not considered in the question of adoption, at least nowadays. Often times, of course, a child does go to a family of its own band, but this is due to the frequency of adoptions by close relatives, rather than a desire to keep the child in the band. Whether the adopted child belongs to the band of his father or of his foster father is uncertain.

turned until it was thoroughly blackened all over. Either before or after it was placed over the fire the surface of the pipe was greased with animal fat. After blackening, it was allowed to cool, then it was polished vigorously with a piece of skin or rag. The finished pipe was a lustrous, shiny black. 276 [237]

It is said that before the Blackfeet had iron-tools they made short pipestems of rosewood by cutting a dry branch lengthwise with a stone knife, digging out the pith with the knife, fitting the two sections together again, glueing them, binding the stem at intervals with sinew, and finally glueing the sinew in place. In more recent times long stems of willow or preferably ash have been used. A piece was cut and allowed to dry partially in the sun. Then it was heated over the fire and bent perfectly straight. 276 824 [412] [283]

The worker took a piece of wire about a yard long that had been heated red hot in the fire. He said a little prayer that the wire might pass straight through the center of the stem, and not burn out the side. Then he made three passes at the end of the stem with the wire, the fourth time he started the wire on its way to burn out the pith and make the stem hole. If the wire burned out at the side and ruined the stem, it was considered very bad luck for the maker. After the stem hole was burned out, the exterior of the stem was sanded smooth with a piece of sand rock. 276 [182] [111] [412]

Pipe making was a specialized craft, in which a few skillful workers excelled. Most

My father and I both set up our lodges at the Starr School encampment, and Makes-Cold-Weather, a friend of mine from the North Blackfoots, assisted Little Bear and myself in hauling in the poles for the Medicine Lodge. 159 796 346

When the Medicine Lodge had been completed, Makes-Cold-Weather asked me to go with him to the slaughter house in Browning to get some meat. On the way we met a rider, and Makes-Cold-Weather informed me that this lone rider was a very powerful medicine man from Gleichen [the North Blackfoot Reserve]. He said, "This man was injured, and a steel plate was placed in the back of his head, and since that time he has had great power from the Thunder. He owns the Thunder Lodge, and he has painted many people." [One of the functions of a medicine man was to paint the faces of individuals in order to insure their good health and fortune. In return, the medicine man received a gift of either money or some object of value such as a blanket or some fine beaded work.] 159 796 756 [302] [751] [777] [431]

When the Thunder Medicine Man drew even with us, he reined in his horse close to mine and looked into my face and said, "I have been looking for you for a long time." I did not know what he meant. I had never seen him before. But when he spoke to me a chill ran up my back and I felt very strange—sort of a mixture of fear and reverence. I did not know what to say, so I said nothing. Nor did the Medicine Man speak again; for a minute he continued to look deep into my face, as though he could see right through me, and then he rode on.

Upon returning to my lodge I learned that each separate encampment had decided to have its own Sun Dance, each with its own Holy Woman. Early the next morning, when I went to my father's lodge to invite him over for breakfast, I saw that the Thunder Medicine Man had erected the Thunder Lodge on the far edge of our encampment. The Thunder Lodge is easily distinguishable because it is painted with the Thunder Paint. [The Thunder Paint is blue paint; the Thunder Lodge is painted a solid blue, with no other decoration.] [346] [386]

After breakfast I accompanied my father back to his lodge, and as we sat talking we heard someone singing. Stepping outside the lodge, we saw that the Thunder Medicine Man had piled his goods [his fees for face painting] on top of a nearby hill; he was seated up there, singing medicine songs, and when he saw that my father and I were looking at him he stopped singing and told me with signs that he wished me to go up

721 Shield's wife told us that the war party had left four days before, on the night after the tea party.

Little Shield's wife fed us, and then we went back to the camp of my mother's brother, Running Wolf. The six of us had decided to have our own war party, and I asked Running Wolf to paint me. He did so, and we left his camp that night. [714] [Running Wolf painted the Chief's face and probably his hands [777] and other portions of his body as well, and it is also possible [789] that he painted his blanket and his weapons; this action was intended to endow the painted one with good luck on the war party and with protection from the enemy.] The members of our war party were Big Ribs, Blackfoot Shorty, Hollering Owl, Tripod, myself, and Shake A Leg. [I translated this last name as [128] "Shakes His Foot," but since in Blackfoot the same word may be used to refer to both the lower leg and the foot, I shall go along with Jim's translation of "Shake A Leg."]

We traveled hard all that night, and hid out the next day near a stream. At dusk we started out again and traveled all night, and at dawn, as we neared the Writing-on-Stone in the vicinity of the Sweetgrass Hills, we saw smoke. We crept near in order to see who was camped there, and we found that it was the party of Little Shield--a total of seventy-six men. We had caught up with them in two nights of traveling. [Undoubtedly the Chief's six-man group had made excellent time, but subsequent events suggest that they had overtaken Little Shield so quickly because Little Shield had been dawdling along trying to find some way of cutting down the size of his much-too-large war party.]

We joined Little Shield's party, and after going two or three miles further the whole outfit camped for the day in the Upper Sweetgrass Hills. That night we went as far as the place where Red Tailfeathers had been killed some time before, and there Little Shield said, "This is where the butterfly will alight." 195 [This ancient Blackfoot metaphor, no longer in use, directed me into a rather lively linguistic chase. The Chief explained that the phrase, "This is where the butterfly will alight," means, "This is where we will pitch our camp," but Jimmy had never heard the expression before and the Chief was unable to suggest any explanation of its origin. I was so intrigued [115] by the problem, however, that I gave it no rest until finally, with the help of an elderly and highly intelligent Piegan lady named Ist-stán-nit-niki (Kills Instead) I was able to determine

54: Lancaster F-3(1958-1966)1966 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Piegan
Montana

000 if that be the term, is for realization. Knowledge, sometimes, is a poor substitute for knowing (I think I got that from Kahlil Gibran). Faulkner felt this, I think. Sherwood Anderson must have been aware of it, and Jack London. Steinbeck knows it, and I think Hemingway, toward the end, caught a glimpse. I sicken myself when I have to drag in famous names in order to fortify my convictions. Really, I just defeated myself.

One more rambling thought: where the hell do people think they are going? I am thinking now of the "religious" do-gooders who are so preoccupied with some vague never-never pursuit of eventually converting the whole world to their own particular religious belief that they haven't time to show a little love and concern for the people they *actually meet* in the *now*. This observation is of course subject to limitless ramifications, but the pinnacle of egotism, I think, is in believing that you—not your neighbor—are "saved." I suspect that more than one joker is going to strut confidently into the lobby only to discover that he has no reservation after all.

123 798 796 425 [302] The final portion of the ceremony consisted in my having my face painted with red earth paint by the Chief. Then the Chief asked me to choose one of the Pipes. I said that either one would be fine, but the Chief insisted that I must make a choice and so I chose the nearer of the two. The Chief presented the Pipe to me, showed me how to wrap it properly, and advised me that the Pipe must never be unwrapped without the proper ceremony. Such an action would [799] bring much ill-fortune. The Chief said that the last man of his acquaintance to sell a Pipe without adhering to proper ritual went blind a short time later.

123 798 796 425 301 [437] The Chief gave me, along with the Pipe, two necklaces. Both are very old, and each is composed of beads and shells strung on a dull red-colored piece of buckskin. One necklace has seven blue beads, a dentilium shell, and a queue of human hair; this is the Sun Dance Necklace, worn by the Holy Woman and the Medicine Man at a Medicine Lodge celebration. The other necklace is made of three large Indian beads and a different variety of shell; this one, for which the Chief traded a racehorse, many, many years ago, is associated with my Medicine.

000 Just as the ceremony concluded, there was a thump in the kitchen and immediately the kitten strutted into the living-room with a mouse in its mouth. The mouse was not as big as the kitten, or even half as big; but the mouse was *so* big, and the kitten is so *tiny*, that Jimmy said, "Look up [look out], cat, or that mouse is goin' ate you up." The kitten is a female (I have just decided), and now that she

was raining hard now, and I was glad that it was because it made the visibility very poor. 721

We made it back up to the high ridge where the other fellows were, and when the other boys saw Crazy Crow and me coming with all that loot they sang a victory song with our names in it. We immediately moved our camp farther down the ridge, and when we had made a shelter of the canvas, and had all eaten our fill, we had a good-luck ceremony.

Young Pine began the ceremony by singing a song. The words of the song were: 721 533 539

> Married or single, it is a woman that sends us off on a war party and it is she about whom we think until we get back home again. She sends us away with a good-luck charm to wear and a good-luck song to sing.

Then each of us said a prayer and sang the song that our sweetheart had given us.

Wolf Sitting sang:

> Whenever I see you, alone or in a crowd, no matter how great the distance, I never fail to recognize you.

Prairie Chicken Old Man sang:

> As soon as I see you, I recognize you as my sweetheart.

My own song was:

> Last Gun, If I never see you again,
> I will do nothing but cry all day long.

Then, in order to have good luck on this war party, we all took new names. 721 553

Crazy Crow took the name, "Looks-Like-A-Coyote." 777

Calf Robe took the name, "Single Spot." [The name of his brother, a minor chief.]

Prairie Chicken Old Man took the name, "Many Mules."

Young Pine took the name, "Big, Fine Young Man."

Wolf Sitting took the name, "Front Wolf."

I took the name, "Everybody Talks About."

We started out again at dawn, and we had gone only a short 721